

No Grave Can Hold My Body Down

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No Grave Can Hold My Body Down

by [LumusWinter](#)

Summary

Hannibal pays Will a visit after breaking out of prison.

A sequel to [Boringly Polite](#).

Notes

This is a direct sequel to the events that happened in Boringly Polite.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Took you long enough.” Will strolled the narrow hallway of his house, staring down Hannibal’s broad back as the Alpha knelt on the floor.

Hannibal’s large hand petted Will’s new pup’s - Gabi- small head as he fed her bits of carrots to silence her little barks.

“I haven’t always been known to be a patient man, Will, but prison has taught me a few things.” Hannibal stood to his full, imposing height, cutting an impressive figure in Will’s dark living room. The light radiating from the bathroom shone over his sharp cheekbones, chiseled jaw, full lips and thick neck. The son of a bitch smiled. That crooked, arrogant, dimpled and perfect smile, reserved only for Will.

“It’s been three full days. I thought you already were living off in some castle in Lithuania.” Will walked to the kitchen, feeling Hannibal’s heated gaze on his back and ass, his tiny, pajama shorts feeling too tight, all of a sudden.

Will had been following the news religiously ever since news broke out that Hannibal had escaped prison, expecting (and hoping) he would appear at every sound he heard inside his house.

Three days went by, and Hannibal didn’t come. But Jack did. Under the pretense he was worried for Will’s safety, of course. Although it didn’t go unnoticed that what he really wanted was to keep an eye on Will. In fact, he stationed four cops outside Will’s house twenty-four/seven, just in case Hannibal decided to break in and whisk him away in the middle of the night.

Like now.

Will didn’t know what had happened to those cops, but the splatter of blood on Hannibal’s black coat and white shirt gave him an idea. Will wondered how long it would take Jack to notice they weren’t responding and how quickly he would come.

Hannibal noticed Will’s stare and responded, “It’s not my fault Jack was stupid enough to think four dull-witted cops would be enough to keep me away from you, Will”.

Will leaned on the kitchen counter, glaring openly at Hannibal. The Alpha stalked towards him, a grin on his handsome face. He seemed relaxed and confident, but Will could tell by the micro twitch of his brow that he was apprehensive and wary about something.

“Are you planning to kidnap me?”

Hannibal stopped just short of touching him, towering over Will’s smaller frame. Will had only to lift his hand to feel the rippling muscles underneath the Alpha’s shirt. He was close enough to scent and sink his teeth into. “Not at all. I will always hope that you choose me, Will,” Hannibal took Will’s hand in his and brought it to his lips. Always the charmer.

Will sneered at Hannibal and took his hand away. “Don’t play the scorned lover with me. You’re anything but a victim.”

Hannibal sighed and slowly moved his hand to tuck a curl behind Will's ear, instead. "I'm only telling the truth, my love."

Will batted Hannibal's hand away, getting pissed off at himself for feeling so soft whenever Hannibal touched him.

"Why didn't you come before? A whole year, Hannibal? You waited an entire year to break out of prison when we both know you could've done it much sooner?" Will hated the whine in his voice but he couldn't help it. He went through so much alone, going to bed countless nights craving just to be in his arms. Will had never missed Hannibal so much.

Hannibal tried to touch him again by wrapping a hand around Will's waist and pulling him to his body. This time, Will let him.

"I had to be careful, love. I had to plan and have our future lives fully ready by the time I finally escaped. And it was a bit difficult to do that from inside a prison cell, surely you can see," Hannibal caressed Will's sides, leaning his forehead against his.

"So you do plan to kidnap me," Will smiled.

"Not if you're willing," Hannibal smiled back, laying a kiss on Will's curls and inhaling his scent.

Will moaned and finally hugged him back, sinking his fingers into Hannibal's silver-streaked hair. He had let his hair grow mid-length, a bit longer than it had been before prison; long at the top and trimmed at the sides, it highlighted his strong, masculine jaw, covered in a five o'clock shadow.

Hannibal kissed him hard and slow, hands sliding over Will's body and settling on his ass, squeezing possessively and making Will wet. Will moaned as he felt Hannibal's cock through his pants, riding the high he felt every time he was reminded of the power he had over Hannibal.

The Alpha grabbed his hips and lifted him on the kitchen counter, sliding between Will's spread legs.

"Easy, stallion. We can't make too much noise," Will whispered in-between sighs as Hannibal licked his neck.

"Why, afraid to wake the wife?" Hannibal teased and Will winced.

"There's no wife anymore, asshole. Molly left." Will shoved Hannibal back and slid down from the counter, the Alpha's word breaking him out of Hannibal's spell.

Hannibal's lips broke into a full smile. "Did she find out about our tryst?"

Will rolled his eyes at the description of their uninterrupted rough fucking. "No. I told her. She deserved to know."

Hannibal nodded. "Indeed. I can't say it's a shame she's gone, she always seemed too safe for you, Will." Boring. Hannibal meant boring.

"No. She was too good for me. I deserve self-centered, possessive egomaniacs like you." Will had struggled through the confession, unable to look into Molly's eyes and see the result of what he did reflected back at him. Afterwards, Molly had just stood up and climbed upstairs, almost as if part of her already saw it coming. The next day, she was gone along with Wally. A note saying she still loved him, but they would never work.

"You would never be happy with someone like her," Hannibal's hands once again found their way to Will's hips, squeezing and kneading them, "But I promise you that if you come with me, I'll do my best to give you all the happiness you deserve." Hannibal said the last words with a mischievous grin. He looked older and weary, and just as beautiful as the first day Will saw him.

But things weren't so simple. They never were.

"I'm not sure about that, Hannibal." Will touched Hannibal's chest and slowly pushed him away. "I need to show you... something."

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, questions certainly swirling in his mind as Will led him down the corridor to a small room in the far corner of the house, Gabi yapping at their heels.

"Be quiet. She's sleeping." Will whispered before he opened the door.

Will could feel Hannibal's confused gaze as Will opened the door. His eyes tracked the walls painted in lilac with baby animals drawn over them, a changing table at the corner, and a crib sitting right in the middle of the room.

Winston, now senile with age, slept peacefully on the bedroom's floor, protecting Will's child.

"She's a light sleeper, just like me, any small noise wakes her even though I had just fed her when you arrived."

Abigail was sleeping peacefully, but as soon as she felt Will's presence, she opened her little eyes and lifted her small arms towards him. Will cooed and picked her up immediately.

Hannibal looked awestruck. "Will, what is going on? Is this baby-"

"Mine? Yes. And so is yours. Her name is Abigail." Will shushed and cradled her in his arms, a part of him finding Hannibal's helplessness very entertaining, while another was terrified of the man's reaction.

Hannibal swallowed and blinked several times, eyes going back and forth from Will to Abbie.

"You were pregnant and didn't tell me?" Hannibal asked, a note of hurt in his voice.

“I didn’t exactly want to flaunt to the world that I had let a criminal impregnate me, Hannibal.” *And I wanted to keep her hidden from you for as long as I could.*

Hannibal looked at Abigail aghast, who was currently nosing Will’s neck. “If I had known... I would’ve come sooner.”

“No. You would’ve grown restless and reckless and done something that would’ve probably gotten you killed.”

His mate and child. “Not with my mate and child waiting for me.” The protective way in which Hannibal spoke sent a shiver down Will’s spine he tried to tamper down.

“You went through the pregnancy alone?” Hannibal asked, his face stricken with anxiety. Naked.

“Yes...and no. Molly - she helped me. I told her I was expecting your child and she still helped me whenever I needed but...it was lonely all the same, and I felt like the most undeserving person in the world.” Molly had held his hand, cleaned his forehead and stroked his hair as he gave birth to Abbie, screaming and wailing, calling for Hannibal. She was the only person who knew Hannibal was the father and Will hoped it would stay that way.

“Did Jack -”

“Jack doesn’t know anything, nor Alana, nor any of them.” They wondered, of course, but for all Jack knew, Abbie’s father was a low-life Alpha Will fucked once in a seedy bathroom bar.

Hannibal acquiesced, understanding. “Can I... hold her?” He asked tentatively.

Will hugged Abigail tighter to his chest, smelling her head and eyeing Hannibal warily, feeling protective. Will didn’t know if he wanted Hannibal to hold her. He didn’t know if he trusted him to do so. What if he decided to run away with her the moment he caught her? What if he dropped her on her head just to punish Will for hiding her from him? *What if he slit her throat right in front of him?*

Will whined and turned away from him, shielding Abigail with his body as much as he could.

“Will? You would deny me the right to hold my own child?” Hannibal asked, voice oozing with betrayal. “Do you think I could hurt her?”

Will wasn’t looking at him, instead he kissed Abbie’s head and closed his eyes, shutting out Hannibal’s words.

“I would never hurt my own child, Will. I would never let anyone hurt her.”

“Lies. You did it once, you could do it again.” Will whispered over Abigail’s head, almost to himself, but Hannibal had heard it. It took the Alpha a while to realize what Will was talking about. Abigail Hobbs. The other Abigail.

“I will spend the rest of my life apologizing for what I did, Will. You didn’t deserve it. But Abigail wasn’t my daughter, Will. And she neither was yours. She also wasn’t a child, she

was a grown woman that your maternal instincts told to protect and nurture, because you were desperate to be a-”

“Shut up. Stop psychoanalyzing me.” Will faced Hannibal and hissed through his teeth. “So you understand why it is so hard for me, don’t you?”

Hannibal was staring at Abbie again, for she was looking at him, her little arms now outstretched towards her father.

“Will, please.” Hannibal begged and Will was thinking about denying him once more when he saw the Alpha’s eyes fill with tears, desperation and longing in his gaze. This wasn’t just about Abbie. It was also about if Will could ever trust Hannibal again and Will didn’t know the answer to that, but seeing the Alpha so vulnerable pulled at Will’s heartstrings.

So, he slowly walked towards Hannibal, a tremble in his step and looked deep into his maroon eyes as he let him hold their daughter.

The Alpha looked entranced as he held Abbie’s tiny body in his arms, his smug demeanor completely replaced by awestruck devotion.

Hannibal was a master at disguising his emotions, allowing one to see only what he wanted it to be seen. Smoke and mirrors. Even Will, sometimes, found it hard to read him.

Now, he watched as the Alpha pressed the length of Abbie’s body to his broad chest, love shining in the warmth of his eyes. Hannibal looked so... vulnerable.

So human.

“She looks like you,” Hannibal smiled softly at Abbie and laid his head against hers, a strand of hair falling out of place as he did so.

Will’s heart melted at how soft Hannibal’s voice sounded and he wrapped his arms around himself, so as not to run to the man. “Don’t be a fool, all three-month-old toddlers look the same.”

“Not her. She has your blue eyes and mouth. I can see exactly how she will look in a couple of years. Your mirror image.” Abbie purred in Hannibal’s eyes, small hands wanting to touch her father’s face. Hannibal took in his large hand, carefully, delicately, and kissed it adoringly.

Will’s feet walked in their own accord towards his family, placing a kiss on top of Abbie’s head and laying his hand on Hannibal’s arm.

Hannibal turned and looked at Will, his eyes bathed Will in the same warmth of devotion they bathed Abbie in. “I will protect her with my life, Will. Both of you. I won’t let anyone touch you.”

“It’s not that simple-”

“I will rip Jack’s throat with my teeth if he tries to take you two away from me.” The Alpha almost growled.

“We have a child now, Hannibal. We need more than ‘I’ll rip his throat out’. I can’t have you risking our safety to cater to the needs of your own ego.”

“I have everything planned for us, Will. I will need to make a few adjustments now that I’m aware of Abigail’s existence but we can still be together and safe,” Hannibal looked back at Abbie, who was dozing off in his arms, the sound of her Alpha father luring her to sleep,”The three of us.”

Will imagined them living off in some deserted island, cocooned in their own little world. No Jacks, and Mason and Alanas. A happy ending for two of the most undeserving people of such a thing.

But maybe Hannibal deserved it. A lonely soul who longed for connection ever since he lost his sister; a monster who only craved a family to call his, since he never grew up with one. And if Hannibal deserved to have someone to share his days with, despite all the darkness that enveloped him, maybe Will did too.

“How much time do we have?” Will asked, placing a kiss over Hannibal’s shoulder.

“Not much. We were supposed to meet with my contact and stay in his hideout to get our disguises and practice our new biographies. Then, we would leave for the airport and go to Cuba.”

Will imagined them walking around the airport in gray wigs and cartoonishly large noses and glasses, a fedora in each of their heads.

“Cuba? My Spanish is a bit rusty.”

“I’m certain your Spanish is still better than mine, Will.”

Will smiled, happy to remember that he was better than Hannibal at something. “Can we wait at least a few hours. I need to feed Abbie in an hour and get her things.”

Hannibal’s pupils dilated and he took a deep breath as he probably imagined Will breastfeeding their offspring. “Of course. Whatever you need, love.”

Abbie fell asleep in her father’s arms and Hannibal laid her gently in her crib, one broad hand supporting her small head.

Will took his hand and led him to his bedroom. Will realized they were both shaking from anticipation as he took off Hannibal’s coat, blue eyes glued onto maroon ones, hands trembling as they trailed each expanse of unveiled skin.

The last time they’d been together had happened under a fog of raw instinct and desire, Hannibal hadn’t let him go until he had taken his fill of Will’s body, and Will had matched his hunger all the way, arching his back and begging for more; spreading his legs wider so Hannibal could better watch his cock slide inside him; baring his neck for his Alpha to bite it.

There was a clarity to this moment, an intentionality to their actions that spoke about years of pining. Will’s back hit the mattress, Hannibal’s heavy weight on top of him, pressing him

down, caging him in. His hands were in Will's hair, his lips, kissing and sucking at Will's exposed, pale neck and chest.

Will's hand touched Hannibal's strong biceps; his hard abs and thick cock. Will moaned as he remembered the feeling of being penetrated by it, fucked roughly against a prison wall. Will was about to say so when Hannibal pinned his hips against the bed and rubbed his cock against Will's wet hole.

"I've masturbated every single day since our last encounter, Will. Thinking about the next time I would have your lips, legs and hole wrapped around me," Hannibal swung both of Will's legs over his shoulder, hands splayed over his thighs, eyes feasting over Will's form.

All of a sudden, Will started to feel self-conscious. He knew his body looked different from the last time Hannibal had seen him. His hips were rounder but there were stretch marks all over them, including his thighs and belly; fat spilled over the back of his shorts and he felt bloated all the time. Will knew it was stupid to feel this way and he did feel childish, but he couldn't help but wonder if Hannibal was making the same comparisons Will was.

"You look even more beautiful now, Will", Hannibal said, almost as if reading Will's doubts, "Your body carries the strength and softness in equal amounts - the body of a mother," Hannibal's broad hand squeezed Will's spread upper thigh, right over a stretch mark. "You look ravishing to me, Will." And then, Hannibal slid inside him, eye piercing Will's.

Will could feel how grateful Hannibal's Alpha was for him to have carried his child, to have granted him the honor of becoming a father. Will keened and used his heels that were wrapped around Hannibal's back to drive his Alpha deeper into him, moaning at the burn and stretch of his thickness.

Will's small cock bounced against his belly with every thrust of Hannibal's hips, trying to stifle his moans by biting Hannibal's neck so they wouldn't wake Abbie.

Hannibal pushed into him, fucking him with hard, short strokes. Will's nails scratched the expanse of Hannibal's strong back, small whimpers coming out of his open mouth, lost in a kind of pleasure that only Hannibal could give Will. Feeling safe, beautiful and whole in his Alpha's arms.

Will came calling out Hannibal's name, whereas Hannibal dug his nails into the inside of Will's thigh and let go of any sense of propriety, pounding into Will, searching his own release, fucking the mother of his child, ruthlessly.

Hannibal filled Will with his come, pulling out at the last minute to also come over his inner thighs and belly, and then pushing it back the seed that was sliding from Will's hole.

Will moaned at the display of possession and asked Hannibal to fuck him again, wet lips sliding over each other, bodies glistening with sweat.

The sun was almost rising by the time they felt satisfied, laying in bed peacefully as if one of them hadn't just broken out of prison with the FBI looking for him.

“I will check on Abbie, and make something for us. We need to replenish our strength,” Will said as he laid his head over Hannibal’s chest, the Alpha’s hand stroking his back and arms.

“I’ll go with you.”

“It’s fine. Just rest a bit. I’ll bring you a glass of water. I’ll be quick, I promise.”

Will got up from his safe place, and went to check on Abbie. His baby was still sleeping, which was odd, given that it was time for her meal. Will wondered if maybe the presence of her Alpha father had affected her more than Will thought. Then, he went to the kitchen and brought Hannibal a glass of water, playing the dutiful Omega spouse.

It didn’t take long for Hannibal to fall asleep, giving Will enough time to do what he had to.

Hannibal woke up with a jolt, the sun bursting in through the curtains. Will was nowhere to be seen.

He knew, then, that so wasn’t Abigail.

Hannibal chastised himself for his lack of judgment.

There was a handwritten letter on Will’s side of the bed, a light pink baby shoe laid on top of it. Hannibal picked up the shoe and inhaled the scent of baby powder and newborn. His daughter’s scent.

Then, he grasped the letter, almost tearing the paper in untypical haste, but waited to calm down before opening it.

Hannibal, I ask you to please be forgiving of my actions once you find me, for I’m sure you will. It doesn’t mean I will make it easy for you, though.

I love you. I can say this without self-admonishments now. And I know you love me too.

I also know you would make an excellent father to Abbie, both protective and assertive, but never punitive or cruel, like mine were. There’s so much you could teach her, Hannibal, and someday, maybe, you will.

But I can’t raise her under your darkness. I fight mine everyday, for her, and I’ve been getting better at it. I’ve grown used to fighting it out, after all; but you, I know you wouldn’t accept living like me. You can’t. You have too many enemies, there’s too much danger.

Darkness and danger aren’t a good combination for a child, Hannibal, you must know that. Please, understand that I will do anything I can for Abigail to have a normal childhood. I have to give her that.

And that childhood, unfortunately, doesn’t include you.

I know I sound cruel, but I will also do anything to protect her, and if that means delaying your hold over her by denying you of being a present figure in her childhood, I will.

Once again, I love you. And Abbie someday will, too.

Yours,

Will and Abbie.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated to writers.
Thank you and talk to me @SlytherLurin

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